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THE SAVING GRACE OF HUMOR.

When Shelley, deserting wife and child, and running away with Mary Godwin, wrote back to Harriet inviting her to come and join them, he showed a lack of humor. So amazing is the effrontery of the letter that, with no further knowledge of its writer, one would be tempted to believe him indulging in a hideous joke, and so not destitute of a certain suggestion of humor, after all. His defect is so pronounced that it approaches the point where extremes meet and the serious passes over into the facetious. How difficult not to imagine him laughing in his sleeve when he says: "I write to show that I do not forget you; I write to urge you to come to Switzerland, where you will find one firm and constant friend to whom your interests will be always dear — by whom your feelings will never wilfully be injured." Could malice itself have devised anything to surpass this? When the artist-poet Blake proposed to his young wife the taking to his bosom of an additional partner — perhaps thinking thus to provide her with a pleasant companion, and possibly, with his patriarchal notions, expecting her to emulate the biblical example of Sarah — he disclosed to her indignant and astonished gaze a gaping void where the sense of humor should have been.

The big and muscular glutton who devours a weak and defenseless brother, and then, with a sanctimonious folding of the hands over his distended stomach, attributes the satisfying of his appetite to the inscrutable workings of manifest destiny, has by over-feeding dulled his sense of humor. The tyrant fights shy of the satirist. Napoleon was unfriendly to men of wit and humor. To quote Thackeray's familiar definition, humor is a mixture of love and wit. Being of the nature of love, it does not behave itself unseemly. It is kindly affectioned. It is of the nature of sweet reasonableness. Its generous inclusiveness admits the recognition of contrary claims. In fact, the very breath of its life is this perception of conflicting truths, of incongruities, of paradoxes. Seeing both sides of a question at once, it is a foe to all narrowness, unfair-

ness, selfishness, arrogance, cruelty. Can one conceive of a genuine humorist as unkind? "The perception of the comic," as Emerson has well said, "is a tie of sympathy with other men, a pledge of sanity, and a protection from those perverse tendencies and gloomy insanities in which fine intellects sometimes lose themselves. A rogue alive to the ludicrous is still convertible. If that sense is lost, his fellow-men can do little for him."

A sense of humor, then, saves a man from the enemy in his own bosom. It warns him not to take himself too seriously. A large part of Wordsworth's output of verse would have remained unpublished, unwritten, not so much as conceived, had humor been one of the poet's gifts. Milton's controversial pamphlets show attempts at humor that make the judicious grieve. A true sense of the humorous would have spared his admirers this pain. His fun reminds one of Plutarch's description of a piece of fooling laboriously evolved from the brain of Hegesias of Magnesia, — "a ponderous joke, dull enough to have put out the fire." Excessive enthusiasm and misapplied zeal are wholesomely curbed by a quick perception of the ludicrous. To draw upon Emerson once more, we encounter in one of his essays a physician who, in reply to an anxious inquiry concerning a patient, exclaimed with professional joy sparkling in his eyes: "Oh, I saw him this morning; it is the most correct apoplexy I have ever seen: face and hands livid, breathing stertorous, all the symptoms perfect!" A case so beautifully in harmony with the books was too much for the medical man's humanity. The venerable Dr. Samuel Hopkins of Newport once elicited a charmingly simple reply from a parishioner, whose matter-of-fact habit of mind must have betrayed him into countless similar blunders. The thoughtful pastor had offered to bring some of his recent sermons and read them to this member of his flock, who had for several Sundays been kept from church by illness. "Do so," was the cordial rejoinder, "for I have had no sleep since this attack began."

Many a failure, the result of attempting the absurdly impossible, would have been prevented had zeal been tempered with humor. Unfortunate enterprises of this nature, unaccompanied with any sense of humor in the actors, often excite this feeling most irresistibly in the spectators. For, to quote a pregnant utterance from "The Gentle Reader," "the atmospheric currents of merriment move irresistibly toward

a vacuum. Create a character altogether destitute of humor and the most sluggish intelligence is stirred in the effort to fill the void." Thus there is something at once pathetic and humorous in the fond attempt of Charlemagne to make his mushroom state emulate, in the arts as well as in polity, the mature empire that had been the growth of a thousand years. No wonder his ill-cemented structure fell to pieces of its own weight before it reached the hands of his grandchildren. His second Rome (Aix-la-Chapelle), with its extemporized forum and its senate of half-civilized Franks, and with its pretentious but uncouth buildings that rudely aped the architecture of Ravenna, may well excite a smile of pity. The very words of his biographer and inseparable companion seem to invite disaster. "The second Rome lifts herself," he proudly declares, "in new, unwonted bloom, with massive buildings whose lofty domes touch the stars. The godly Charles stands far from his palace, selecting the various sites, and fixes in their order the high walls of the future Rome." A further touch of that humor that is so closely akin to pathos is felt by the observer as he watches the monkish Eginhard apply himself to the study of Vitruvius. The buildings that came of this study would have struck the architect of Augustus with amaze.

It has been usual to class women among the unfortunates born without sense of humor. Exceptions will readily come to mind. The creator of Mrs. Poyser and Tommy Trounsom and Wiry Ben was certainly not blind to the humorous aspects of human nature. But the peculiarly feminine, *das ewig Weibliche*, we do not associate with a keen appreciation of the incongruous. The ardent suitor who is assured by the object of his passion that, though she can never be his wife, she will always be a sister to him, distinctly feels in the offered substitute the presence of a certain something quite different from that admirable blend of love and wit whereof humor is composed. The fascinating coquette, to whom man's attentions are more than meat and drink, and whose signals of distress when he withdraws his devotion hardly ever fail to bring him to his knees, shows a defective grasp of the situation in its logical implications. Hence the pained surprise and the injured innocence affected by her the moment she is honored with the treatment accorded to a reasonable being and is expected to harmonize inward purpose with outward seeming. This not unamiable weak-

ness, the sure index of a conspicuous lack of humor, the older novelists were fond of exhibiting in its coarser manifestations, and it will ever remain a useful property to the constructor of love stories. Woman is proverbially cruel to woman. Nor is her heartlessness always confined to this traditional severity toward the foibles of her own sex. In "The People of the Abyss" we have recently been told that the sufferings of the London poor, as the destitute wretches exhibit themselves in the public parks, excite amusement oftener than pity in the passing women, especially the young women, of the well-to-do classes. Walter Pater, in his essay on Lamb, regards humor as an amalgam of pity with mirth. Thus viewing its composition, we may safely conclude that where pitilessness displays itself there will be found no keen perception of the humorous factors of our existence. Let it be added, however, for the consolation of the many excellent women who are deficient in this sense — though they never will admit the deficiency — that they are not without good company. The singleness of purpose characteristic of heroes and martyrs is, from its very nature, incompatible with a lively appreciation of incongruities. With the sense of humor too insistently acute, the river of life seems somehow to be split into channels so minute that it loses itself in the sand; there is no steady current of serious thought and purpose. The typical reformer is terribly in earnest. Horace Mann planted himself one day, tall and tragic, before Hawthorne, and, fired with anti-tobacco zeal, delivered himself of his opinion of a brother-in-law who could so far deviate from the path of rectitude as to smoke. "Do I understand you to say, Mr. Hawthorne, that you actually use tobacco?" he inquired severely. "Yes, I smoke a cigar once in a while," was the good-natured reply. "Then, Mr. Hawthorne, it is my duty to tell you that I no longer have the same respect for you that I have had." Therewith the self-appointed censor turned and strode from the room. It is easy enough to say, with Hawthorne's son, that Horace Mann was wholly destitute of humor. But it is more than probable that the excellent man himself would have stoutly denied the charge; and perhaps in matters less deeply moving his feelings he was not without a perception of the ludicrous. Who of us is never blind to the comic in things that affect our dearest interests? Angry denial will stamp one immediately as sadly defective in humor, just as hot resentment at the charge of

insanity is pretty good evidence of an unbalanced mind. Perhaps there is no better mark of a plentiful endowment of humor than the ability to wear a smiling face when in deepest earnest. The child, with his sense of humor still in embryo, cannot do this.

Not without reason did Cicero liken a jest-book to a salt-pit. Humor is the salt that keeps the temper sweet, the saving element that prevents sentiment and religion from degenerating into maudlin emotionalism, and an ever-necessary accompaniment to all unconstrained social intercourse. As man is the only being at once conscious of the miseries of life and able to laugh at them, so this peculiarly human quality is found in anything like perfection only among the most highly civilized. Savages have it not, or only in a form that savors more of cruelty than of kindness. Both the too sentimental and the too practical want it. It would seem to be the arch enemy of excess in any direction. *Vix in extremis* is its motto. Its presence indicates a normal and healthy state of tension between the upbuilding and the down-pulling forces whose interaction is life. It is a potent aid in the discharge of physical as well as mental functions. Esculapius is said to have written comic songs to quicken the circulation in his patients. A London physician prescribed "Peregrine Pickle" for certain complaints. Sustained by his unconquerable merriness of humor, Charles Lamb bravely bore a life-long anxiety.

A sane enjoyment of the countless paradoxes and ironies of life is of the essence of the highest wisdom. Without such enjoyment these numberless incongruities will annoy and depress. The ardor of hero-worship will be chilled when the worshipper discovers how few human lives fail to reveal a seamy side upon closer scrutiny. The world's progress owes much to great men whose characters do not square with their deeds. Many a good cause has prevailed by questionable means. There is no system of philosophy but encounters stubborn facts that sadly mar its symmetry. Vice fares sumptuously and goes arrayed in purple and fine linen, while virtue starves and clothes herself in rags. Rewards and punishments appear to be assigned by chance. Next to the sublimity of a blind faith, there is nothing equal to an abiding sense of the humor of it all to save one from pessimism. Without this neither life nor that literature which aims to be the faithful transcript of life can be rightly enjoyed.

PERCY F. BICKNELL.

The New Books.

SOME IMPRESSIONS OF WHISTLER.*

Mr. Arthur Jerome Eddy's "Recollections and Impressions of Whistler" is the sort of book for which Whistler's unique personality and sparkling wit provided such tempting and abundant material. Its method is haphazard, its preparation too evidently hasty; in critical acumen it is unfortunately lacking. But a large body of readers will no doubt prefer it to a more formal and studied biography, for the reason that it is not burdened with the details of the artist's career nor with fine-spun distinctions about his genius, but merely presents his very attractive individuality in the form of countless witty anecdotes and amusing odds and ends of comment and reminiscence, while its information about his pictures is of a useful sort. The book is well printed, suitably bound in boards of a shade of Whistler's favorite brown, and illustrated with excellent reproductions in photogravure of eleven of the artist's works. The familiar portrait by Rajon forms the frontispiece. Thus mechanical beauty and the very great charm of the subject atone in large measure for the faults of authorship; and many admirers of Whistler will wish to add the book to their libraries.

These should not expect, however, to find much that is new to them in Mr. Eddy's memoir. He does, to be sure, explain in the preface that his "reminiscences are mostly personal," that many of the anecdotes were had from the artist's own lips, and that the views concerning his art were formed from watching him at work day by day, and after many interviews, in which, occasionally at least, he broke his habitual reticence to talk of the one thing in which he took a serious interest. These statements are unquestionably true (although no details of the personal relationship are given), but we could never have guessed it from what follows. A large number of the stories are easily recognizable and duly acknowledged as from current periodicals and newspapers. The others might have been picked up in the ateliers of Paris and London, but most of them might also have been obtained with less expenditure of effort from a clipping bureau. None of them imply intimacy or even

acquaintance with Whistler. This is no fault of Mr. Eddy's. The truth is, the penny-a-liners have long appreciated Whistler's literary value, recognizing his claim to be master-artist in words if not in nocturnes; and they have circulated his bon-mots and his eccentricities industriously through their columns. The exceeding sharpness of Whistler's wit, and his habit of letting his best shafts fly more than once, contributed to making his witticisms common property. And so, after last summer's flood of post-mortem paragraphs, even an intimate of Whistler's—if he had any—must expect to find himself anticipated along anecdotal lines. But if Mr. Eddy's stories are not for the most part new, they are both well selected and well told, and it is much to have so large a body of them preserved in so attractive a volume.

Among the letters which Mr. Eddy quotes, and which we do not remember seeing elsewhere, is one written in Whistler's crispest epistolary style, and illustrating, besides, his well-known disinclination to promptness. An official connected with an international exhibit sent notes to various artists in Paris, announcing his intended visit to the city and making appointments with them at his hotel. Whistler's hour was fixed at "4.30 precisely." The artist answered thus:

"Dear Sir: — I have received your letter announcing that you will arrive in Paris on the -th. I congratulate you. I never have been able, and never shall be able, to be anywhere at '4.30 precisely.'

"Yours most faithfully,

J. McN. Whistler."

The same aptness in making what one of the Enemies of "The Gentle Art" has styled "very unbecoming and improper" answers, is shown in the artist's retort to an excited Cockney gentleman who rushed into a shop where Whistler was trying on a hat, and mistaking him for a salesman cried: "I say, this 'at doesn't fit." Eyeing him critically a moment Whistler said: "Neither does your coat."

His own immaculate attire was proverbial. So were the dapper silk hat, the yellow gloves, the slender walking-stick, the monocle, the curled mustache, the be-ribboned white forelock, "famous as the plume of Navarre." Somebody once gave Whistler an American umbrella of the sort that furls very tightly. He used it as a cane, and his delight in it knew no bounds. On one occasion, according to Mr. Eddy, Whistler was coming out of his studio with a friend, and as they made their

* RECOLLECTIONS AND IMPRESSIONS OF JAMES A. MCNELL WHISTLER. By Arthur Jerome Eddy. Illustrated. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

way to a nearby cab-stand, it began to drizzle. His friend, who had no umbrella, said: "Hurry and put up your umbrella or we'll get our hats wet." Whistler fumbled for a second at the umbrella, then hurried on. "But I would get my umbrella wet," he said.

So much for the "Reminiscences"—for it is unfair to steal more of Mr. Eddy's stories; and the biographical data, being from casual sources and intended only as a connecting thread on which to hang the anecdotes and the estimates of the man and his work, need not delay us here.

As an art critic Mr. Eddy's attitude is surely too much marked by undiscriminating enthusiasm to merit complete confidence; but as an expositor of such matters as Whistler's title to be called a colorist, his attitude toward portraiture, or his theory of the suitable hanging of pictures, his work is clear and interesting—likely to be decidedly illuminating to the "plain man" of Whistler's own satire. Toward his subject's personality Mr. Eddy appears somewhat in the character of an apologist. His sense of humor is not strong. Disliking flippancy however polished, he naturally wishes that the Master had been less ardent an "Apostle of Persiflage" in his idle moments, less artistic a maker of enemies in his bitter ones. And it is possible that the nocturnes and symphonies would have been taken more seriously, or at least have received quicker recognition, if the critics had not had the memory of the Butterfly's insinuating "reflections" to wipe out. It is also no doubt true that Whistler's egotism and affection have been vastly exaggerated. From a painful sense of duty, then, the biographer should strive to put us into the more receptive attitude of the French, whose prompter appreciation of Whistler's genius Mr. Eddy refers in part to their inability to resent his untranslatable irony. Still, we find it hard to forgive Mr. Eddy's elaborate attempt to explain away the paradoxes of "The Ten O'clock Lecture," or his doubt about the advisability of reprinting the delicious impertinences of "The Gentle Art of Making Enemies." We prefer "the real Mr. Whistler,"—who, instead of laying his habit of controversy to either his West Point training or his long and bitter struggle for recognition, frankly confessed to being "a bundle of nerves and dyspepsia." The fact that his personal motives often appear as vague and inscrutable as the outline of Battersea Bridge in the blue and silver nocturne, cannot

reasonably affect our pleasure in the picture. But it does add to the charm of the man, and to our enjoyment of a book like Mr. Eddy's, much of whose point and vivacity depends on the fact that Whistler was to the last an insoluble enigma. EDITH KELLOGG DUNTON.

RUSSIA AS A MODEL.*

Coming at just this time, when war clouds are thundering over the eastern shores of the Pacific,—a name seemingly destined to become a complete misnomer,—the book resulting from the recent journey of Mr. Albert J. Beveridge, junior senator of the United States from Indiana, has unusual pertinence and will be read with assiduity by all who desire information regarding certain phases of an inevitable struggle. It appears that the author has recently returned from a journey through Russia, Manchuria, and Corea; but his volume is limited to a consideration of Asiatic Russia, with a portion of a single chapter referring to Japan. Nothing at all is said about Corea. The attitude throughout the book is so markedly pro-Russian that it deserves the stronger term of Slavophile.

Senator Beveridge is an ardent worshipper at the shrine of the ancient ideals of pagan Rome revived in modern times under the title of imperialism. He is a devotee of might, and right is seldom considered in his work. Being enamored of "world power," he necessarily fell under the spell of a theocratic autocracy as the best engine for putting into practice these wholly un-American conceptions. In his treatment of the Russian administration he seems determinately to have put behind all conceptions of popular or free government; and his faith in these conceptions is too small, apparently, to permit him to undertake any defense of democracy against the frequent adverse criticisms quoted by him as passed upon its shortcomings by Russian officials. Especially does he lay stress on the possibility of rising into imperial power from the humbler walks of life, as in the case of the Russian minister of finance, Sergius Witte, ignoring the vastly greater difficulties attending such a feat in Russia as compared with this country.

As a senator of the United States Mr. Beveridge was accorded every privilege by the Russian authorities in his journey across Asia.

* THE RUSSIAN ADVANCE. By Albert J. Beveridge. With maps. New York: Harper & Brothers.

He evidently expected that obstacles would be thrown in his way, especially in Manchuria. But the Russians were wise enough to secure his good will at the outset, and thereafter they must have felt that they could not lose it. They would certainly have been right in the supposition, for nothing could have alienated an affection given so whole-heartedly. A striking instance of Mr. Beveridge's tenderness for Russia is shown in his account of the hideous massacre at Blagovestchensk in 1900. What he admits "may have been only a rumor" led the Russians in this town on recently-stolen territory to assume that a Chinese army was descending upon them, that the Chinese on their own territory across the river were arming against them, that the Chinese in their own settlement were to join with their countrymen across the river, and that by a junction of these three forces Blagovestchensk would be imperilled. Thereupon "the Chinese in the city itself were driven by the few Cossacks down to the river's edge below the town and forced into the river. Three or four thousand of them perished." It seems to have been after this wholesale massacre that the Chinese across the river began a futile bombardment of Blagovestchensk with muskets,—"you may now see the bullet-marks made in the home of the local governor. Many houses of Blagovestchensk still show these signs of actual peril." Then came the chief horror. Even Mr. Beveridge does not state the total slaughter, estimated at not less than fifteen thousand men, women, and children. But his humane conclusions are particularly noteworthy.

"Finally reinforcements arrived, the Russians crossed the river, and literally wiped the Chinese town off the face of the earth. You may visit its site now, but you will see nothing but waving grass and here and there the demolished remains of the crumbling wall of a house. Such, stripped of its many variations, is the story of the great 'massacre' of the Chinese by the Russians of Blagovestchensk in 1900 which made the world 'shudder.' . . .

"So much space has been given to this incident because of the tremendous publicity given to it and the distortion of all of its features, and because, too, it is a very fair illustration of the manner in which any incident of Russian advance is painted to the American and European world. When we hear of Russian outrages we must always bear in mind that while it may well be that all of their details are entirely true, yet the chances are that the forbidding aspects of each affair are magnified."

Solitudinem faciunt, pacem appellant.

This acceptance of the Russian point of view leads Mr. Beveridge to seeming endorsement of ideals not in the least American. He says, for example:

"More than a score of different peoples are now under the colors of the Czar; and, say what we will from our western point of view, they appear to be as highly contented as the people of the more advanced countries, such as Germany or Italy [has the writer forgotten the German socialist, and the emigrating Italian peasant?], and far more satisfied with their conditions than are the English."

This places contentment among the desirable national qualities, and presents another phase of the constant confusion made throughout the book between "good" government and free government, generally to the disparagement of the latter. There is a stress laid on the virtues of efficient civil service sadly at variance with the practices of our last two national administrations. And there are some convincing arguments against the high tariffs of the same period, from the statement "the Russians are still buying in the best and cheapest market, and the best and cheapest market is our own," through the account of the acerbities arising between the Russian and American governments over the sugar duties, to the strong probability of the total loss to the United States of its Russian markets.

Commercialism and imperialism go hand in hand, and the comments of several persons whom Mr. Beveridge interviewed, to the effect that "we don't know, and we don't care, who governs the country," explain this in part. Still, there must be some Americans who will object to the implication behind the statement of the Indiana senator that "When American trade held the first place in the Orient, the American flag was seen in every port. It was a great advertisement then." And there is another fine suggestion for the future in this:

"Another thing which the government might do, and which would have a beneficial effect upon American trade in China, is to keep in Chinese waters all but one or two ships of our Pacific squadron. Moreover, the heaviest part of our navy should be kept in Asiatic waters. It is there that the conflicts of the future will occur, and it is there where our visible power should be manifest to all beholders."

It is a pleasant thought that we are to make men and money unproductive by heavy taxation for a navy, trying to make up the loss of a profitable home market consequent upon this by seeking a doubtfully profitable foreign market, and then, for our pains,

"Let the gull'd fool the toils of war pursue,
Where bleed the many to enrich the few."

But objections of this sort are what Mr. Beveridge refers to when he says that "England and America have been wasting time on

academic argumentations about unsubstantial theories."

There are some inaccuracies in the book, due no doubt to haste in preparation. Of Mr. Beveridge's style something may be learned from the extracts here given. It abounds in repetitions, and is inflated throughout, apparently suffering from the vices which Herbert Spencer noted as inherent in dictation. Among numerous similar lapses, Mr. Beveridge speaks of "witnessing cathedrals," of "vocalinity," and of one who "does not look like we are." And the book is without an index, an unpardonable omission in such a work.

Having thus summed up, in good part, the faults of the book, both in regard to manner and matter, substance and form, it is to be said, on the other hand, that the very sympathy shown for Russia has enabled Mr. Beveridge to present a picture of the empire and of its people unsurpassed in serious literature for accuracy and comprehension. From the virtual chancellor of the empire to the most ignorant peasant, the Russian is sketched with lines now broad, now narrow, until every phase of his none too complex nature has been submitted to a sort of psychological dissection and laid bare to the enquiring mind. Not only is the government of the Czar analyzed and explained, but its methods in respect of Church and State as well, its educational aspirations, its interference between employer and employed to prevent the industrial horrors of western Europe and America, its firm conviction of its mission as a civilizing and christianizing power through the world, its aspirations toward a dominion over other peoples to be acquired by a combination of velvet glove and iron fist, its permanency of policy made possible by its autocracy, and, coming down to detail, the manner in which these circumstances are put into play in the occupation of Manchuria, and the ceaseless, relentless force with which the machinery moves on, slowly and surely enough to suggest the mills of the gods, all characterized in a word by a youthful and enthusiastic officer when he said "Russia the Inevitable."

As regards the immediate future, and the issue of the war between the armies of the Mikado and the Czar, Senator Beveridge imparts a clear impression of the facts. It was unquestionably to the interest of Russia to secure delay. Her single line of railway track will not suffice for the victualling of great military forces in eastern Asia, and her settlement of

Manchuria is far too incomplete to permit any reliance upon the present resources of the country, fertile as it is. There appeared, from his statement, to be inherent weakness in the Russian squadrons in the Pacific, making her control of water transportation from St. Petersburg and Odessa to Vladivostok and Port Arthur more than doubtful, while the Black Sea squadron is tied up in those waters by the concert of Europe, and possible British hostility makes it inexpedient to use the naval vessels now in the Persian Gulf. Nor can it be said that the fortifications at Port Arthur and Dalni are in a condition entirely satisfactory for defence, while Vladivostok is ice-bound during no small portion of the year, and the transportation from that port to its southern sisters is also dependent upon a single line of rails.

But if St. Petersburg desired delay, the reverse was true of Tokyo. Japan, maintaining her ancient birth-rate while introducing the practice of modern hygiene, is seriously overpopulated now, and the strain upon her resources is a permanently growing one. Her statesmen are seeking an outlet for her thronging thousands as a necessity of national existence. The treaty of Shimonoseki would have secured southern Manchuria for this purpose, had not Russia, aided and abetted by Germany and France, forced from Japan the fruits of her victory in 1895. Baffled here, they have turned to Corea, under-populated and more fertile than Japan's own soil. But Russia's interference in 1895 secured for the Czar the ports of Dalni and Port Arthur, and the railway connecting them with Vladivostok through the Manchurian road is an essential to their maintenance in the face of Japan's efficient naval force. Should Corea fall into Japanese hands, placing Japan within less than two hundred miles of this essential line of communication between Russia's Pacific naval stations, a line representing her ambitions in Peking itself, the whole policy of the Russian administration in eastern Asia is made of no avail. And it was clearly to Japan's interest to strike now, or submit forever.

In a word, this is the beginning of a struggle for life and death on the part of the Mikado's people, a struggle having for its grand prize the hegemony of the yellow race. On Russia's part success seems to prophecy the eventual control of all Asia, Great Britain's Indian Empire with the rest, by the flat-capped administrators of autocracy. The entire civil-

ized world is profoundly implicated in the result, and the recent embarkation of the United States in the doubtful rôle of a "world power" of physical rather than moral force has entangled the American people among others, exactly as Washington foresaw when he spoke the warning in his Farewell Address. And it may be added, though this is not within the purview of Senator Beveridge's book, that final success in this battle of giants is likely to rest, not with the largest battalions or the heaviest artillery, but with the financiers of Europe and America. If the Jew, having in mind the atrocities which excited the wrath of Tolstoy and of the world at large, should withhold his assistance from Russia in the immediate future or place his coffers at the disposal of the Mikado, or should the newly-made millions of America step into the gap in the interests of commercial treaties which past experience has shown are likely to be granted more liberally by Japan than by Russia, the island empire may place an effective stumbling-block in the path of "Adam-zad, the bear that looks like a man."

WALLACE RICE.

causes of Voltaire's various flights, concealments, imprisonments, or sudden bursts of fame, and hence as necessary factors in his life; but there are almost no references or quotations, and the reader must go to Voltaire himself for first-hand knowledge of his writings, and to the pages of Faguet, Van Laun, or Brunetière for criticism. Of the critical spirit, indeed, there is not much in these two handsome volumes. Mr. Tallentyre's flow of enthusiasm for Voltaire's unquestioned good qualities is not materially checked by his honest recognition of the baser ones. For these latter, indeed, he is an apologist wherever possible; and English readers will probably go back to their Morley, Carlyle, or even Macaulay, for a more unbiased view of this wisest, brightest, — trickiest of mankind.

With these reservations, the narrative is delightful reading. Mr. Tallentyre has evidently digested his authorities thoroughly, from the valets Collini and Wagnière down to Victor Hugo and Mr. Churton Collins; and he gives us in a picturesque style his results and his own opinions in about seven hundred pages, undisfigured by footnotes. This latter feature is adopted on a principle thus defended by the author:

"If the public cannot trust the ability or the honesty of the biographer, the sources of his information are not inaccessible, and the public with a little extra trouble can verify his facts, even though he does not assist it by cumbering his text with that annihilation of all interest, the perpetual footnote. If the subject is not considered worth the extra trouble, the reader may well take the biographer — on faith. . . . The best biographer of Voltaire is Voltaire himself. If any writer can lead his reader to throw away the biographies, even his own, and study Voltaire at first-hand — his letters, the wittiest in the world, and his works, which in matchless adroitness can be compared to no other production of the human mind — he will have done much and should be well satisfied."

To many good people the name Voltaire has been little more than a theological expression, or at most the designation of a claimant for the bad eminence of the eighteenth-century antichrist. Of the man François Marie Arouet as an eager, striving, loving, hating member of society they have known little and cared to know less. This attitude has now been replaced by the literary and historical interest which the most devout may safely feel in the most brilliant writer of his age and the prophet whose teachings, though not his life, helped to prepare the way for a mighty revolution. The twentieth-century reader may not approve of Voltaire any more after reading these volumes

THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF VOLTAIRE.*

Words for words, the century and a quarter that has elapsed since Voltaire's death has had its full and free say about the patriarch of Ferney; and the "hundred volumes of Voltaire" are matched by the bibliography in his latest biography, which, curiously enough, contains just one hundred names, without claiming to be exhaustive. In spite of all the wealth of material collected by such writers as Desnoires-terres, and the biographies by Condorcet, Mr. John Morley, and James Parton, Mr. George Saintsbury could say, twenty years ago, that no really good life of Voltaire, with complete examination of his works, existed in any language. If no biographer's equipment is complete without the ability to make a critical estimate of his hero's works, whether written or acted, Mr. Saintsbury's remark is probably true; and its truth will not be affected by this two-volume book of Mr. Tallentyre's.

For this is simply the story of Voltaire's life, told chronologically from his birth in 1694 to his apotheosis and death in 1778. The unbroken succession of writings that came from his tireless pen are properly reckoned with as

* *THE LIFE OF VOLTAIRE.* By S. G. Tallentyre. In two volumes. Illustrated. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

than before ; but he will have a clear and even radiant picture of one of the most interesting men that ever lived.

The glimpses of his precocious childhood are of course detached ; but we see the little "Zo-Zo" learning to "lisp scoffings as other children lisp prayers," taught by the recreant abbé Châteauneuf to recite deistical poems, entering at ten the Jesuit school of St. Louis le Grand, where he posed his masters with hard questions in history and politics and wrote fluent bad verses, taken by his god-father at eleven to see Ninon de l'Enclos, who was "as charming at eighty as she had been at eighteen," and who was so taken by the child that she left him in her will 2000 francs to buy books. Leaving school at seventeen, young Arouet announced that he desired no profession but literature,—to the disgust of his father, who, as Mr. Saintsbury says, "refused to consider literature a profession at all." For a while he dabbled in law, and even in diplomacy ; but was more of a scapegrace than a student, and the Regent Philippe d'Orleans found it desirable to put the brilliant young fellow in the Bastille, where, without pen or ink, he composed whole cantos of the "Henriade," and, among other things, changed his name. The question whether the name "Voltaire" is an anagram of "Arouet l. j. (le jeune)" or an abbreviation of "le petit volontaire," one of his baby names, or a real name existing in his mother's ancestry, is a vexed though not a vital one. The anagram has usually proved too tempting to be rejected ; but Mr. Tallentyre assures us that the last answer is now generally accepted.

Out of Voltaire's eighty-four years, three periods are salient as involving special activities in different environments : his fifteen years of association with Mme. du Châtelet, chiefly spent at Cirey (1733–1748), the famous sojourn with Frederick the Great at Berlin and Potsdam (1750–1753), and the last twenty years at Ferney (1758–1778). Of that queer household at Cirey—the poet spending his money to complete his mistress's chateau, the lady herself ("poor little lean brown woman," in Carlyle's phrase) filled with passions for fine clothes, high play, and the Newtonian philosophy ; and a dim-shadowy complaisant husband who knew how to "range himself," — of all this Mr. Tallentyre writes with much vivacity of manner and many illuminating details. "The respectable Emilie" caressed, scolded, and was jealous of her lover

— until she deserted him for a younger man. In this unedifying French domestic drama of real life, the woman comes off with the least credit ; and one reverts with a sort of satisfaction to Carlyle's description of Voltaire as "hagridden."

The visit to Frederick the Great is the best-known epoch in Voltaire's life. It lasted only three years, but was crowded with enough adventure, intrigue, spite, adoration, and hard work to fit out a lifetime. To English readers, long ago, Carlyle's essay on Voltaire, with his Life of Frederick, and Macaulay's great essay, made the facts familiar, as they knew them. Neither of them did justice to Voltaire ; and Carlyle was too fond of his hero not to give him the benefit of every doubt in all this dubious business. Mr. Tallentyre seems to see with clearer vision, and to hold the balance equitably between the French man of letters, "thievish as a daw and mischievous as a monkey," and the Prussian king who was by fits and starts his pupil, his admirer, and his jailer. The story of how Voltaire made an enemy of old Maupertuis, the president of Frederick's "Berlin Academy," how Maupertuis, by the publication of his ridiculous "Scientific Letters," exposed himself as fair game, and how Voltaire fairly smothered him with the delicious satire of "Dr. Akakia," is told anew, and with great fulness.

"Akakia means guilelessness ; and Akakia is a physician who takes the remarkable effusions of Maupertuis with a serious innocence, very deadly ; who asks the most simple questions in the world ; and turns upon the President's theories the remorseless logic of the gayest and easiest common-sense. There could have been no style better than Voltaire's for making Pomposity mad. One can still see the 'sublime Perpetual President' writhing under that pitiless mockery and that infectious laugh of malicious delight. The wickedest, cleverest, little pideor in all the world goaded this great, lumbering, heavy-footed old bull to impotent frenzy. The lithe tiger, agile as a cat, sprang on his foe, showing all his teeth in his grin, and, grinning still, tore him limb from limb."

Many of Voltaire's most famous *mots* are duly recorded ; and some of his most startling utterances are explained and defended. The popular belief that in his celebrated motto "*Ecrasez l'infâme*," he voiced his hatred of Christ is probably too deep-seated to be removed by the careful explanations of many wise men, assuredly right as they are. Mr. Tallentyre is not the first who has sought to vindicate the great Deist from this reproach ; but his words are worth reproducing.

"To Voltaire it (*l'infâme*), if it meant Christianity at all, meant that which was taught in Rome in the

eighteenth century, and not by the Sea of Galilee in the first. . . . *L'infâme* was the religion which enforced its doctrines by the sword, the fire, and the prison; which massacred on the night of St. Bartholomew; and which, glossing lightly over royal sins, refused its last consolations to dying Jansenists who would not accept the Bull *Unigenitus*. . . . And above all, *l'infâme* was that spirit which was the natural enemy of all learning and advancement; which loved darkness and hated light because its deeds were evil; which found the better knowledge of His works, treason to God; and an exercise of the reason and the judgment He had given, an insult to the Giver. . . . *L'infâme* cannot be translated by any single word. But if it must be, the best rendering of it is, intolerance."

Voltaire's last days were unquestionably his happiest. As the Lord Bountiful of Ferney and Tournoy, with grateful friends around him, receiving visits from such dissociated pilgrims as James Boswell of Auchinleck, the young Charles James Fox, and "a solemn youth from Lausanne named Edward Gibbon," and pouring out, as always, letters, epigrams, dramas, he was encouraged to develop the better side of his nature; and his really heroic efforts in behalf of such victims of injustice and oppression as the Calas family, Sirven, La Barre, and the ill-fated Lally are the brightest episodes in his career.

Something of Voltaire's manner seems to have descended to his biographer, whose long narrative is never tiresome; though the style is at times colloquial to a degree. The volumes are handsomely printed, contain almost no typographical errors, are equipped with a full index, and are illustrated with several portraits of Voltaire and some of his contemporaries.

JOSIAH RENICK SMITH.

TWO FRENCH BOOKS ON THE UNITED STATES.*

The French books on America written during the last hundred years would easily fill a library. The authors of these books have been no mean persons, either,—from Chateaubriand, La Rochefoucauld-Liancourt,† and de Tocqueville, down to Paul Bourget, Henri de Varigny, Levasseur, and Th. Bentzon. But the plethora seems to have discouraged neither authors nor publishers,—to say nothing of

* LA RELIGION DANS LA SOCIÉTÉ AUX ÉTATS-UNIS. By Henry BARGY. Paris: Armand Colin.

LA PEUPLE DU XX^e SIÈCLE. CINQ MOIS AUX ÉTATS-UNIS. By Urbain Gohier. Paris: Bibliothèque Charpentier.

† A remarkable biography of La Rochefoucauld-Liancourt, aristocrat, philanthropist, statesman, traveller, and a most interesting figure of the ancient Regime, has just been published by Ferdinand-Dreyfus (Paris: Pion et Cie.).

readers. Hardly a year passes without the publication of a new volume on some topic or other dealing with the United States,—“La vie aux États-Unis,” “La femme aux États-Unis,” “Les trusts aux États-Unis,” and what not. Nobody seems to tire of these “Etats-Unis.”

There are two classes of publications on America. Some are studies of a special subject by a specialist, like Levasseur's book on “l'Ouvrier Américain,” or de Rousier's work on the Trusts. Most of them, however, are the general impressions of a traveller after a more or less hasty journey made under varying conditions. The interest of these impressions depends, of course, on the traveller's intelligence, faculty of observation, and general aptitude as a writer.

The two recent books which are treated here belong, one to the class of special studies, the other to the class of general impressions. Both are interesting, because written by men who have seen what they talk about and are interested in their subject. M. Bargy, who has been in this country for five years, is a university professor who became interested in the religious side of American life. M. Gohier, who travelled for five months all over the country, is a newspaper man, with a keen eye and a skilled pen, although not always with a very calm judgment.

M. Bargy, having lived in a country which is mostly Catholic, with a rather limited religious life, was surprised to find how great a part religious activity plays in American society, as well as pleased by the general spirit of true liberalism that seems to prevail. He had not been much in touch with Protestant ideas and Protestant life before finding them here. Therefore he ascribes to the American spirit many traits that may be due to Protestant influence even in non-Protestant churches. All things that struck him as new and good in the religious conception and the religious method of the United States are to him American. He discovered what he calls the American religion, and characterizes it by two traits: it is a *social* religion,—i. e., more interested in society than in the individual; and it is a *positive* religion,—i. e., it cares more for what is human in religion than for what is supernatural. One of the main characteristics of American religion from the Puritans down, if we were to believe him, is indifference to dogma.

M. Bargy lays down these two principles, and from them deduces his conception and description of the various forms of religious

activity, Presbyterian or Episcopalian, Congregational or Methodist, Hebrew or Roman Catholic. In all, he finds the same spirit, which he traces back to colonial times, and which he considers the common heritage of all Americans. To him, religion in America appears as "a mutual aid society"; a church is "a coöperative organization and a club"; a pastor is "a business man and sociologist," working for the material welfare of his flock as well as for their moral betterment.

A French critic, Edmond Scherer, once said that general ideas are always, to a certain extent, false. M. Bargy's book supports this statement. His bold and over-hasty generalizations are interesting, to be sure, but far from convincing. Not all the traits of American character that he praises are specifically American; and not all the praises he bestows are equally deserved. It is needless to say that there is no such close resemblance between denominations as he describes so minutely. As to the indifference to dogma, it seems to be a fancy of his imagination, as far as most sects are concerned. Nevertheless, despite the somewhat artificial logic that pervades the book, M. Bargy has covered the ground in a very instructive and entertaining way. He has some excellent chapters, full of information. Most of his statements are accurate, even when the conclusions he draws from them are not. Information is always safer than theories. The chapter on Channing is very good; and so are the chapters in which he describes some modern churches, like St. Bartholomew's, and some modern pastors, like Babcock and Rainsford. The American reader will relish this book, full of enthusiasm, in which the author is bent on seeing only what is flattering to American pride, and in accordance with his own theories. Perhaps it might be better if all the churches here really had all the qualities M. Bargy discovers in them. But in that case they would be somewhat different from what they are.

M. Urbain Gohier has also some theories which he airs here and there in his book. But in the main his purpose is to describe America as he saw it a year ago last summer in a quick journey of five months, with stops in various large cities and university centres. He writes in an epigrammatic style, and his Parisian readers who are accustomed to his ways will take *cum grano salis* some of his statements which may puzzle the American reader.

On the whole, M. Gohier was pleased with America. But he would not be the aggressive

pamphleteer that he is if he had written a book of mere praise and flattery. He was pleased with the cleanliness, comfort, and general air of happiness of the American home. The American woman seemed to him one of the most interesting of his discoveries when he reached these shores. He found her as pretty as the Parisienne, though somewhat spoiled; and he admired her freedom, her initiative, her taste and elegance. He praises the universities, and all the institutions of learning and education generally, such as the social settlements and the Y. M. C. A. Even the Salvation Army finds a sympathetic judge in this man, who in France has been, although a Catholic by birth, a rabid anti-clerical.

The early freedom and self-reliance of the American boy struck our author as something quite novel. He could not imagine the sons of a French university president selling newspapers in the streets! He speaks enthusiastically of the freedom of the individual in the family and in society. He enjoyed the luxury of the Pullman cars, admired the beautiful site of Yellowstone Park, Yosemite Valley, the Bay of San Francisco, and the Grand Cañon of the Colorado River. Everywhere he received the impression of something big, tremendously big. He regards the American people as an energetic, intelligent, quick-witted nation, and he believes that they are *the* people of the twentieth century.

But — there is a *but*. M. Gohier, who is known in France as one of the most destructive and violent critics of the existing order of things, did not merely find things to admire. He observed the power and tyranny of the trusts and the labor-unions, between which, he prophesies, the consumer will be crushed. He discovered what he calls the "military peril," the peril that will come some day from the growing strength of the army; the "clerical peril" that will result for American liberty from the increasing influence of a numerous disciplined and wealthy Roman Catholic Church. He reproaches President Roosevelt for his sensational attitude, his strenuous ways, and his spread-eagleism. While amazed by the quantity of work done by the newspapers and the tremendous equipment they use, he criticises the waste of money, time, and paper involved in "great" journalism.

As for American customs, M. Gohier fell of course into the usual errors of foreign observers, and collected sensational items of love stories, crimes, and advertisements, from the popular journals. Yet at the same time he

observed and noted down many things that the average American does not always have his attention called to. He visited America at the very time of the scandals of the New York police and of the St. Louis and Minneapolis aldermen, and he has a fearful chapter on American political corruption. He saw men of so many origins and races in the large cities of the East and West that he wondered whether this amalgamation of men whose only common ties are, in his words, "the English language, the ice-cream soda, and chewing-gum" really form an Anglo-Saxon nation.

The craze for physical exercise seems to him to be pushed too far. "The Americans judge men by their weight, as they do cattle in the stock-yards." He notes at the same time that this worship of muscle is accompanied by an undue development of the patent-medicine business. He saw buildings, fifteen stories high, filled with druggists and physicians; and the papers were full of quack advertisements. At Coney Island he found a camp of palmists, and concludes that "America is the chosen land of charlatans and bunco-steerers."

Being a strong anti-militarist, he lectures Americans on their admiration for Napoleon, "the greatest bandit in history," who had not even the excuse of being an athlete.

The book is thus full of statements and judgments that will astonish the reader, and sometimes make him throw it down with impatience; full also of terse epigrams, and true and sound observations. Taken all in all, it shows a real sympathy for the spirit, the aims, and the character of the American nation and American civilization.

OTHON GUERLAC.

MRS. PAGET TOYNBEE, in her preface to the first volume of the new Oxford edition of the Letters of Horace Walpole, states that 3,061 letters have been included, representing 150 correspondents. Of the 407 letters not included in Cunningham's edition, 111 are now printed for the first time. It seems that a number of the letters, *inter alia*, to Hannah More, have been tampered with, and disfigured by the cancelling of passages, the erasure of proper names, and, worse than all, by the insertion (apparently in the handwriting of Hannah More herself) of words and phrases which Walpole never wrote. In one letter the name "Madame Piozzi" has been erased, but is still legible through the erasure. Wright, the editor of the 1840 edition of the letters, filled the blank with the name of Bruce, the African traveller! in which he is followed by Cunningham. Some of the most interesting of the new letters are those addressed by Walpole to his school-fellow Charles Lyttelton (afterwards Bishop of Carlyle). Of the eleven portraits of Walpole included in this edition, three are now published for the first time.

RECENT FICTION.*

Place aux dames! The most important books of fiction in our present selection are Mrs. Wharton's "Sanctuary" and Miss Glasgow's "The Deliverance." Each of these novels is, in its own peculiar fashion, a masterpiece of conscientious workmanship, vivid in its portrayal of a half-tragic situation, and powerful in its appeal to our human sympathies. Aside from their common quality of successful performance, the two books stand far apart from one another. "Sanctuary" is no more than a novelette, hardly more than a short story, while "The Deliverance" is a full-grown work of fiction, spanning many years of suffering and unachieved purpose, and provided with a great multiplicity of incident and detail. But both are works of art in a highly satisfactory sense.

Mrs. Wharton's art is of subtler and more delicate quality than Miss Glasgow's. She presents us with a case of conscience, studied in two generations. A young woman learns, on the eve of her marriage, that the man she loves is endowed with a radical weakness of character, that he has sinned, and is unwilling to make open confession to the world and face the consequences of his dereliction. At first her whole high-strung nature revolts, and she casts him off. Second thought reverses her decision; she thinks of the moral weakness which must be the inheritance of the child of such a man; she decides that she will be the mother of that child, and devote her life to its strengthening against the sort of temptation to which the father had succumbed. This is the brief prologue to the story. The longer second part opens some score of years later, and the moral problem quickly presents itself. The father has long since died, and the son has grown to manhood. The father's sin had taken the form of a suppression of evidence the disclosure of which would have led to scandal and the loss of fortune.

**SANCTUARY.* By Edith Wharton. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE DELIVERANCE. By Ellen Glasgow. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

JUDITH OF THE PLAINS. By Marie Manning. New York: Harper & Brothers.

LONG WILL. A Romance. By Florence Converse. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

THE TORCH. By Herbert M. Hopkins. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

MY FRIEND PROSPERO. By Henry Harland. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co.

MR. SALT. By Will Payne. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

THE DAUGHTER OF A MAGNATE. By Frank H. Spearman. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE O'RUDDY. A Romance. By Stephen Crane and Robert Barr. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co.

INCOMPARABLE BELLAIR. By Agnes and Egerton Castle. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co.

THE SHUTTERS OF SILENCE. By G. B. Burgin. New York: The Smart Set Publishing Co.

THE KEY OF PARADISE. By Sidney Pickering. New York: The Macmillan Co.

The son's temptation is to win a prize in his profession by appropriating the work of a dead friend, and passing it off as his own. The winning of the prize will mean to him both professional advancement and the love of the woman upon whom his heart is set. The ensuing conflict between his warring impulses is revealed to us only by hints and suggestions; it never comes to a dramatic issue, or even to direct discussion. The mother, trembling, stands aloof and awaits the outcome upon which depends the defeat or victory of a lifetime of consecration to a single aim. Words will not avail; the time has come when the man must save himself if he is to be saved at all. We approach the closing scene in breathless suspense; the situation is poignant to the extreme of endurance, and the relief is correspondingly great when the better nature of the young man triumphs, and he seeks the sanctuary of his mother's arms, seeing at last as by a lightning flash all that she has done for him, and all the larger implications of the struggle from which he has in the end emerged victorious. "I'm not worth the fight you've put up for me. But I want you to know that it's your doing — that if you had let go an instant I should have gone under — and that if I'd gone under I should never have come up again alive." These are the last words of this deeply moving book, and they linger long in the memory.

"The Deliverance" is the most important book thus far written by Miss Glasgow. It makes clear the fact that this novelist has "come to stay," and that her work may be expected to go on broadening and deepening with the years. The scene of the story is Virginia, and the period is that covered by the past quarter-century. Tobacco provides its harmony with a sort of *basso ostinato* very much as hemp performs a similar function in one of the novels of Mr. James Lane Allen. We are conscious of its presence everywhere as the groundwork of the structure, and made to realize that the entire scheme of life portrayed by the novelist rests upon that foundation. If this be a borrowing of Mr. Allen's idea, it is made quite legitimate by the original treatment it receives. More questionable, however, is the use of Malory at a certain point in the narrative, for Miss Glasgow takes the very passage introduced with such striking effect in "The Choir Invisible," and turns it to exactly the same emotional effect. One feature of "The Deliverance" is ingeniously contrived, but remains absolutely unconvincing. Old Mrs. Blake has been blind since the middle of the Civil War, her family has lost its fortune, and moved from a colonial mansion to an humble cottage; yet through all these vicissitudes she has been made to believe that nothing is changed, that she still owns her hundreds of slaves, that the Confederacy has triumphed, and the South become a nation. This situation passes the bounds of all possible credulity, and, however tempting it was to the author, should not have been woven as it is into the very structure of her fabric. The love

interest of the story is provided by Christopher Blake, the dispossessed inheritor of the plantation, and Maria Fletcher, the granddaughter of the rascal who has come into its ownership by fraud upon his former employer. The boy grows up to hate the Fletchers with all the passion of a strong and primitive nature; the girl grows up in ignorance alike of the history of her grandfather's fortune and of the feelings that rankle in the breast of the seeming peasant who is her neighbor. When they are first thrown together in their early adult years, each is instinctively attracted to the other, while assuming the mask of hatred or scorn. Not for many years is this instinctive feeling to ripen, and in the meanwhile Christopher goes on nursing his hate and planning revenge, while Maria contracts a loveless marriage and disappears from the scene for a long time. It is by means of this leisurely development that the author achieves her largest effects. We know that the outcome is inevitable, but we approach it with such deliberation that all the subtle psychological processes of the years find room for analysis and exposition, and the figures of both characters become very completely human. The book has many minor features and characters deserving of warm praise; we have not space even for their mention, but trust that we have said enough to send our readers to one of the strongest and most vital productions of recent years.

"Judith of the Plains," by Miss Marie Manning, is a story that starts out in much the same fashion as Mr. Garland's "Hesper." A young woman of education and refined associations is on her way to the strange world of the far West, and is, like Mr. Garland's heroine, greatly bewildered by her experiences. Here, however, the resemblance ends, for the young woman is little more than a lay figure in the subsequent unfolding of the plot, and the real heroine appears in the character of the half-breed woman for whom the book is named. After we have stopped thinking about the likeness to "Hesper," we begin to discover points of resemblance to "The Virginian," particularly in the reported speech of the Wyoming cowboys, which in its humorous aspect seems to us nearly as good as Mr. Wister's best. The humor of this story is, indeed, its saving quality, for it is very badly constructed, and has no plot worth mentioning. Being a woman's novel, it indulges in a good deal of rhapsodizing about the desert and mountains — an element which a man would have minimized or omitted altogether. The writer certainly has both style and imagination, and these qualities, together with her unfailing humor, make up in part for the lack of a definite plan, and keeps the story going in a fairly effective way.

England in the latter half of the fourteenth century is the theme of "Long Will," a historical romance by Miss Florence Converse. It is the England of Chaucer and Gower, of Langland and Wyclif, of John Ball and Wat Tyler, of Richard II. and John of Gaunt. It is the England of rival claimants for the throne, of incipient questionings

of the established faith, of the profound social unrest resulting from the Black Death and the Statutes of Laborers. All of these men and matters are skilfully interwoven into a tapestry of patient literary workmanship having for its central figure the author of "Piers Plowman," and for its central theme the searchings of heart which that extraordinary poem occasioned among the dumb masses of the toilers. Charm is given to the narrative by the presence of an imagined daughter of Langland and her courtly lover, attendant upon the youthful prince and king. The girl goes on a pilgrimage through rural England to preach her father's gospel of true democracy and to bear the message of the coming uprising. The story reaches its climax with the peasant revolt, when Wat Tyler and his followers take possession of London and spread terror in their train. The skill with which all this material is used deserves high praise, as does also the effective use made by the author of the text of "Piers Plowman." The book is studded with fitting excerpts from the poem, applied in such a way as to make us understand the passion underlying its bald phrases far better than we can understand it from reading the histories of literature. Miss Converse has grappled in a fairly successful fashion with the chief difficulty of her task—that of contriving a mode of speech which shall be really in keeping with the age she depicts. What she has done may best be shown by an example. The words are Long Will's, spoken in soliloquy.

"Pity me, God! I am a weak man!—I did never no deeds but them I thought not to do;—never, all my life long! Count my deeds, O God,—they are so few,—and all of them have I condemned afore in other men. Now, I let my daughter go forth on a fool's errand, and in a child's plot that must fail; mayhap she will meet worse than death on the road; but I give her my blessing. Jesu,—Mary,—guard this my daughter that I have so weakly put forth upon the world! How may a man dare say nay to his child, if she be a better man than he,—an astyf man, a doer o' deeds? How may a man dare forbid any soul to follow Conscience? Good Jesu, I am but a joulour, —a teller o' tales, —I amafeared o' deeds. I see them on so many sides that I dare move nor hand nor foot. And if I do, I trip. Best never be doing.—If a man might be all words, and no deeds!"

The diction of which this is a typical illustration will at once be seen to embody not a little of the fourteenth century English fashion in its simple directness, its quaint *naïveté*, and its hint of the unassimilated French element in the language. It is sometimes too stiff, and the illusion is far from complete at many points, but how admirable it is in comparison with the conventional phrasing of the bastard jargon which serves the average historical romancer for a medium! Here, at least, is a serious effort to achieve reality, and not a deliberate evasion of the whole problem.

It must have taken a lively imagination to invent the character of Babington, the university president who is the central figure in "The Torch," by Professor Herbert M. Hopkins. Babington presides over a Western institution, and is a compound of bully and hypocrite, taft-hunter and snob. When

a member of the faculty incurs his dislike, he says, "Off with his head!" like the Queen in "Alice," and off it goes. We have a fairly wide acquaintance among university presidents, but have never met with a specimen at all resembling this caricature. Now Mr. Hopkins, in writing the present book, had a very laudable design. It was his aim to protest against the autocratic character of the management of many of our universities, and to plead against the evils which naturally result from too great a concentration of power in the executive. These evils are manifest in many quarters, and such a protest is desirable. But the whole purpose of the argument is defeated by the grossly improbable account given us of this particular executive and his acts. Furthermore, Mr. Hopkins has committed something worse than an indiscretion in selecting certain happenings in the recent history of a great Western university, presenting them in a sensational light, and basing upon them the very structure of his story. No one can read the book without perceiving at once that a particular president of a particular university is aimed at, and no one acquainted with the institution and the man can fail to be shocked at the travesty. Unfortunately, the book will find many readers who are without the personal knowledge necessary for a corrective, and such readers will be influenced by an account which is distorted and discolored from beginning to end. The mischief will be the greater for the very fact that the story is strongly conceived, and, although misleading as a whole, embodies many fragments of undoubted truth. It is in vain to plead that the novelist takes his suggestions wherever he may find them; in the present case he has done more than act upon a mere suggestion: he has seized upon a situation already made familiar to thousands of readers through the sensational newspaper press, and has so dealt with it as to create prejudices of the bitterest sort in the minds of readers not conversant with the facts in the case.

There is no doubt that Mr. Henry Harland's late novels have the very quintessence of charm. This charm results from a dainty style formed upon the best French models, a marked delicacy of poetic sentiment, and an exquisite sense of proportion and fitness. Yet the charm is absolutely superficial, and the depths of character have no existence as far as the figures which people his pages are concerned. "My Friend Prospero" is the gay and joyous love-story of an English nobleman and an Austrian princess, thrown together in an Italian castle and the surrounding landscape. Each remains ignorant of the rank, and even the name of the other, until the very end, when a fairy godmother reveals both secrets, and clears the way for a mutual understanding. A story like this is no more amenable to serious criticism than a butterfly or a hummingbird, yet we are disposed to suggest two matters that come near to being defects. One of them is the introduction for one brief scene of the American friend of the hero, who plays no real part in

the story, and serves only to help the hero make conversation when next he meets his heart's desire. The other is a certain over-insistence upon the money motive, which clouds the bright romantic atmosphere of the tale. Such lovers as these have nothing to do with such considerations; they are not denizens of a material and mercenary world, and their fortunes are not bound up in the ordinary concerns of an average prosaic humanity.

Mr. Will Payne's new story, "Mr. Salt," offers us another picture of commercialism in a great city, this time in vignette form, for the work is hardly more than a novelette. The hero—if we may apply to him that useful term—is a captain of industry, and the heroine one of his stenographers. Since one of the first acts of the latter is to commit perjury in a court of justice, in the interests of her employer, we must be excused for a certain inability to follow her career with complete sympathy. The romance between the man and the woman grows apace, and ends in the usual way. The story is written from full knowledge of the sort of life with which it deals, and is not without touches of delicate human feeling. It certainly gives us life—of a sort—and it comes near to giving us literature—of a minor order.

The American railway is the real subject of Mr. Frank Spearman's "The Daughter of a Magnate," although a love-story is provided as a sort of subsidiary attraction, and as a concession to the conventions of fiction. The scene is the far West, the language is that spoken in those parts by men engaged in railway work. It is rather too technical for the comfort of the average reader. "Even the porter of the dead car deserted his official corpse, and after Number One pulled out of Medicine Bend and stuck her slim, aristocratic nose fairly into the big ranges the Lalla Rookh was left as dead as a stringer to herself and her reflections"—this is the sort of thing we find in every chapter. We have no doubt of its truth to life and to railroading, but too much of it wearisome. There is always something fine in the spectacle of man struggling against nature and coming out triumphant; we get this sort of satisfaction in two scenes particularly, one of which represents the hero at work repairing the damage done by a disastrous washout, while the other finds him bringing a train (and the heroine) safely through a perilous blizzard. The whole story is informed with a tense energy that at least keeps one in a state of breathless attention to its movement.

A novel written even in part by the late Stephen Crane comes to us at this late day as a surprise. The other part is the work of Mr. Robert Barr, but whether by way of collaboration or the piecing-out of a fragment we are not informed. At all events, the book is not obviously composite, and proves to be much more of a story than any of the books of Mr. Crane that were published during his lifetime. It is called "The O'Ruddy," and is the tale of a roistering and dare-devil Irishman who comes to England after his father's death on a mission to the

Earl of Westport, falls in love with the earl's daughter, and wins her by sheer audacity in the face of all sorts of obstacles. The depiction of this character and the account of his deeds seem to be intended as a satire upon this particular type of swashbuckling adventure, and the stock situations are outlined in a spirit of extravagant burlesque which is highly amusing. The book is a singularly racy one, and may be read with unflagging interest.

When we reviewed "The Bath Comedy," by Mr. and Mrs. Egerton Castle, we remarked that we "would gladly remain in such company for an indefinite period." It is to the same company of Mistress Kitty and her satellites that we are again introduced by "Incomparable Bellairs," the sequel which the authors have kindly provided for the earlier book. Kitty is as capricious and bewitching as ever, and her devoted Irish lover (who really wins her this time) is as audacious and reckless as when he made his first desperate siege of her affections. Other figures appear, notably that of a gracious Quaker maiden, who serves as an effective foil to the titular heroine. The book is a mixture of wit and tender sentiment, alternately sparkling with the one and melting with the other, and is fascinating from first to last.

In "The Shutters of Silence," Mr. G. B. Burgin has made effective use of a Trappist monastery in the northern wilderness of Canada. In this establishment a boy, abandoned by his mother and lost by his father, takes refuge, and grows to manhood in its peaceful and austere seclusion. He is of illegitimate birth and his unnatural mother has rid herself of him in order that she may marry and be safe from the discovery of her sin. When the boy has grown up, the father learns his whereabouts, and rescues him before he has taken his vows to the order. He is taken to England, introduced to society, and made to know something of the joys and sorrows of life. Next to the description of the monastic life itself, which is pictured with sombre and haunting fidelity, the study of his development under this startling change of conditions is the most interesting feature of the story. The young man falls in love, but the cup of happiness is dashed from his lips when he learns the secret of his birth, and he flees to the refuge of his earlier years. Here he is, at last found by both father and mother, the former now a widow and the latter at the point of death; a belated marriage ceremony takes place, and the youth goes back into the world with a name that he may now legitimately bear. Such is the outline of a story which may lay claim to a fair degree of originality, and which is of more than ordinary interest.

"The Key of Paradise," by Mr. Sidney Pickering, is an Italian romance of a hundred years ago, when the Napoleonic wars filled the world, and brought terror into the fairest of lands. The interest of the story, however, is private, and the history serves only for relief. There is an Italian princess, the husband who maltreats her, and the sympathetic English

soldier who seeks to win her love. The outcome is rather unexpected, for the princess, despite her wrongs, remains faithful to her marital obligations, and wins her husband's devotion in the end. The work is carefully planned, and wrought out with such nicety of finish that, although the performance is slight, it is unusually satisfactory from every artistic point of view.

WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

The fern-lover's own book.

Let no one suppose from the plain title "Ferns, a Manual for the Northeastern States" (Holt), by Mr. Campbell E. Waters, that we have here simply a text-book, or at best a descriptive list of species, as manuals of plants and animals are wont to be. The work is this, and very much more. It is a very handsome volume, beautifully bound and printed, with ornate cover and gilt top, fit to lie upon the table among the latest and handsomest books of the year. Furthermore, text and illustrations alike are not designed primarily for the man of science, but for the amateur, for the men and women who love ferns, the most graceful and beautiful forms of all the green world about us, and, loving them, would fain be able to give appropriate name to each and every one. To such the volume will certainly make a strong appeal. The original feature in the present treatment of the ferns is the effort made to use stem-structure, revealed in cross-section, as a means of identification and so for the framing of an artificial key. This may sometimes be helpful, and the facts so brought out may be at times confirmatory; but after all, it would seem that anyone sufficiently skilful to use his lens to meet the requirements of this key should be able to study in the old-fashioned way the fruit-dots, indusia, pinnæ, etc., and would find the effort far more interesting. For some reason, several species described in the text are not named in this key. The illustrations are nearly all half-tones from photographs, and show well the advantages and disadvantages of the process. The views of the species in their native haunts are, many of them, very beautiful; but the reproductions of the individual fronds are generally disappointing. The process is not adapted to the subject. The delicacy of these filmy things is lost. This is especially the case where the illustration represents the object enlarged. Here the photograph reminds one of the pictures of plaster-casts taken from the faces of the dead. Photography cannot, or at least does not, portray these things. One touch of Gibson's pencil were worth it all. No doubt some of the illustrations, showing details, fructifications, sori, etc., will be serviceable in identifying generic types; but the camera is clearest only where it is less needed, as in the case of some of the shield-ferns and spleen-worts, and brings no help, or little, where illustration should serve. Thus, the figure intended to

illustrate the indusia of *Cystopteris* shows really nothing that can be so recognized. Our author wisely gives precedence in each case to the common name; but he also presents the name by which each form is known in science, although without citing the name of the author of the binomial approved. While it is refreshing to be delivered from the customary inane discussions of questions of nomenclature, still no scientific name in natural history may be correctly written unless the name of the author accompanies it. It may be worth saying here that for appearance sake, if for no other reason, it were well to begin every specific name, no matter what its origin, with a small letter. But these are minor criticisms; the book as a whole is a beautiful one, and likely to be widely useful. It is one of the few real nature-study books so far offered to the American people. Here is no nonsense, no child's-talk; and if the author's style be somewhat conversational, and confidential at times, he nevertheless tells his story in an interesting and straightforward way.

New glimpses of the Rossettis.

There is a fascination in any biographic material relating to the Rossetti family. The readers of the new volume of "Rossetti Papers, 1862 to 1870" (imported by Scribner) will feel the charm of the subject, and will delight in subtle glimpses of character and environment, but they will deplore the lack of chapters or similar divisions into which the material might have been more conveniently and effectively grouped. More than five hundred pages of consecutive letters and journal-extracts, with a few parenthetical notes, become wearisome when there is no break in structure and but meagre dramatic incident. This volume continues the two earlier compilations entitled "Ruskin, Rossetti, Preraphaelitism" and "Preraphaelite Diaries and Letters." The latter volume ended with the death of Gabriel Rossetti's wife, and the burial of his poems in her casket; the present book deals with the intervening events until 1870, when the poems were resurrected and published. Much of the material here presented has been incorporated already, indirectly, into other books upon the Rossetti family. With a revival of interest which comes from a perusal of the direct sources, however, one reads again of the estranged relations between Ruskin and Rossetti, of the brotherly interest of Gabriel in the publication of Christina Rossetti's poems, of William Rossetti's appreciative studies of Walt Whitman, Shelley, and Blake, and of the tragic blight upon the eyes of Gabriel and his forced renunciation of art. The growth of the artist's power and popularity, the submerged yet exquisite skill of the poet, are clearly portrayed in the letters of friendship and appreciative criticism from Ruskin, Hamerton, Madox Brown, William Bell Scott, Mrs. Gilchrist, and the American friends, Professor Norton and W. J. Stillman. Among the later and most interesting of the letters is one written by

Gabriel from Scaldens, Sussex, to Professor and Mrs. Norton, then at Florence. In it, he refuses an invitation to join them, because of his troublesome eyes, but expresses the most cordial friendship in a tone of unwonted intimacy. Of the poems then just published he wrote:

"I hope that when you get my book you will agree with me as to the justness of my including all it contains. I say this because there are a few things — and notably a poem called *Jenny* — which will raise objections in some quarters. I only know that they have been written neither recklessly nor aggressively (moods which I think are sure to result in the ruin of Art), but from a true impulse to deal with subjects which seem to me capable of being brought rightly within Art's province. Of my own position I feel sure, and so wait the final result without apprehension."

Practical essays on commerce and industry.

"Lectures on Commerce" (University of Chicago Press) is the title of a volume edited by Mr. Henry Rand

Hatfield, and containing sixteen papers read before the students of the recently founded College of Commerce and Administration in the University of Chicago. In the first of these papers, entitled "Higher Commercial Education," Professor J. Laurence Laughlin, dean of the new college, presumably defines the scope of the undertaking. "To the virile and enterprising spirits who are tempted by the great rewards of banking, railways, insurance, trade and industry," he observes, "the universities have — at least not until very recently — offered no inducements." Further on, he says: "It is startling to think how little influence the universities of to-day have had in training the great men in the constituencies of banking, railways, insurance, trade and industry, diplomacy, journalism, and politics." Only with reference to the older subjects, the "humanities," does he accord "accuracy of statement, precision, logic, the judicial spirit, the love of truth, and a sense of form," and he asks if it is not possible to extend these virtues into the actualities of commerce and administration. But the stress of his remarks seems still to be laid upon "the great rewards," "the great men," and not upon "the love of truth." His lecture also illustrates the prime difficulties of the new education in a brief discussion of journalism, assuming as he does that the practical training of a newspaper office makes "hacks," and that "the policy and influence of a newspaper depend upon whether or not it shows a masterly grasp of the political, economic, legal, and literary subjects which the public are thinking about." But it is not because of their editorial columns, where this "masterly grasp" may only be displayed, that modern newspapers are influential; it is because of their news columns almost wholly. The real journalistic "hacks" are those with the training Professor Laughlin intends giving in the college of which he is dean; "the great rewards" come to those whom he thinks are made into "hacks." The fact is, in the last analysis, that newspaper success depends mainly upon such a knowledge of contemporary life as is denied university faculties by the very terms

of their being. The remaining lectures in the volume are by railway men, merchants, manufacturers, and bankers well known in the city of Chicago, few of them with any theoretical training, but all with achieved success gained by personal effort and practical work. These papers make most interesting and instructive reading; but it cannot be said that they lend themselves to proof of Professor Laughlin's contentions for his new school.

The woful past of Ireland.

The mournful narrative of England's seven centuries of oppression and misgovernment in Ireland has been retold in summarized form by Mr. Thomas Addis Emmet, under the composite title of "Ireland under English Rule, or A Plea for the Plaintiff" (Putnam). He tells his profoundly moving story in calm and dignified language, without outburst or objurgation. The only severity found in his relation inheres in the extraordinary character of the events related, and throughout his work the historical spirit dominates. It does not, however, profess to be a history; it is a historical summary, merely, but one susceptible of much use by students. Mr. Emmet's "plea" consists largely of copious extracts from historical writings of past centuries. Naturally, these quotations are derived in great measure from Irish sources, yet enough of them appear from British and continental writers to relieve the book from any appearance of resting on a purely partisan basis. The writers quoted are all in substantial accord as to the merits of Ireland's claims and the character of her wrongs. A running thread of judicious commentary by the author connects together this summary of quotations from older writers. The sad history will appeal forcibly to American readers, for whom primarily Mr. Emmet writes. But one can read between the lines a calm and earnest address to the better sense of the British people, whose government it is, and not themselves, that is so severely indicted. While Mr. Emmet confessedly "holds a brief" for the cause of Ireland, and has prepared his essay in some sense officially, as the President of the "Irish National Federation of America," it is not merely nor even largely an oratorical effort. It is apparent from the character and style of the "plea" that the pleader feels a day of redemption for Ireland is at hand, and that his summary of the merits of the cause he loves is intended, not to increase nor even to perpetuate the past tension, but to lead toward and assist in establishing a better and a more harmonious understanding for the future as to the deserts of Ireland. These two handsomely printed volumes are a worthy American contribution toward that desirable result, while at the same time furnishing much justification for the Irish contention of the past centuries. A bibliography of one hundred and seventy titles attests the extent of reading which has qualified Mr. Emmet for the work he has undertaken of arousing in a new form, for the new century, interest in the welfare of "the Emerald Isle."

Lord Ronald Sutherland-Gower in abridgment.

That a part is often better than the whole is well illustrated by Lord Ronald Sutherland-Gower's "Records and Reminiscences" (imported by Scribner), a handsome and profusely illustrated octavo of 624 pages. It is at once an amalgamation and an abridgment of the author's well-known "Reminiscences" and "Old Diaries," the curtailed one-volume form being prepared, we are told, by request. But even in abridgment the noble lord has in no wise slighted the claims due to himself and his family, fifty pages being devoted to the record of his birth and ancestry. Although a man's progenitors, like his children, are more interesting to himself than to others, the author has succeeded in enlivening these opening chapters with anecdote and history of something more than personal significance. Under his genial guidance we follow the fortunes of the Sutherlands, the Gowers, and the Levesons — for all three are his family names, though he contents himself with the use of but two — and find them in general prosperous even to the point of tameness. This tameness is occasionally relieved, however, as by the fatal poisoning of the eleventh earl of Sutherland and his Countess, in 1567, by Lady Isabel Sinclair. The tragedy was attended by other thrilling events worthy to be embalmed by the historical novelist. On the Gower side of the house, one of the family was all but immortalized, unenviably, by having his name inserted in Dr. Johnson's Dictionary as a synonym for renegade; but the printer refused to humor the lexicographer. Such, at least, is the story. In the author's account of Cliveden House he takes unnecessary pains to quote from Pope that familiar but untruthful line which places the death of Buckingham "in the worst inn's worst room," whereas the Duke breathed his last in the farmhouse of one of his tenants. As is already known, it is Lord Sutherland-Gower's extended travels and his interviews with noted persons that give the chief value and interest to his pages. In this particular the new book has all the charm of its parent volumes, besides being freed from many of their superfluities. But the reviewer, to be true to his traditions, must note with regret the lack of an index.

A monograph on mezzotint.

A great many besides those who dare claim the flattering title of connoisseur will rejoice in the series of luxuriant monographs projected by Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons, in connection with an English house, under the general title of "The Connoisseur's Library." The series will comprise twenty volumes in all, covering exhaustively and authoritatively every form of *objet d'art* affected by the modern collector. The editor of the series, Mr. Cyril Davenport, is responsible for the initial volume, dealing with Mezzotints, the most interesting and beautiful, as well as the most difficult to produce, of all forms of artistic engraving. Mr. Davenport knows his subject thoroughly, and though there is

of necessity much technical matter in his pages, he is always lucid and intelligible even to the tyro. The first chapter has to do with the practical side of the subject, describing minutely the technical process of mezzotint engraving, both in monotone and color, and giving directions for the care, preservation, and identification of prints. The remaining three chapters are largely historical and critical, dealing respectively with the best known seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth century engravers. It is interesting to know that, though engraving in mezzotint has not lacked for exponents on the continent, the greatest masters in this medium have been Englishmen, and mezzotinting may properly be called an English art. For the future of his subject Mr. Davenport is not very hopeful. A few gifted mezzotinters are still working, but the recently improved methods in photogravure reproduction have introduced a formidable rival to the art. Modern photogravure work has not yet been able to attain the depth and velvety lustre of pure mezzotinting; and being almost entirely a mechanical process it may never hope for much favor in the eyes of collectors. But for all practical ends the photogravure fills the place of the mezzotint, and is of course infinitely less expensive, especially where large numbers of prints are required. The plates selected to illustrate Mr. Davenport's text are excellent specimens of the best results in modern photogravure work. There are forty in all, exemplifying the art of nearly every master in mezzotint engraving. The mechanical form of the present volume is dignified and excellent in every detail, as such a work should be. The binding especially, so often a deplorable feature in English book-making, is thoroughly serviceable, a minor point worthy of commendation being the method of mounting the plates on linen guards instead of flimsily sewing them in, as is almost invariably done.

American history and geography. That the fashion of regarding history solely from the viewpoint of politics is passing away, is evident from two books which have recently appeared. The first, by Miss Ellen Churchill Semple, is entitled "American History and its Geographic Conditions" (Houghton), and presents an extremely careful and comprehensive arrangement of the successive events in American history, with a convincing argument to prove that the determinant factors in its development are geographical. The second book, by Mr. Albert Perry Brigham, "Geographical Influence in American History" (Ginn), is a shorter work, evidently designed to show what are the geographical and geological features of America, and to prove that these are real, but by no means the only, influences in the country's development. This author lays great stress on the fact that racial characteristics help to mould civilization; herein differing from Miss Semple, who declares their impotency, citing the comparison of Canada and the United States as an example. Both Miss Semple and Mr. Brigham

give essentially the same descriptions of the purely geographical conditions of America: the various sections of the country, their topographical features and connecting waterways. But while Mr. Brigham takes geology as his point of departure, and has a great deal to say of "the background of ages of physical evolution," the "glacial belt," and the "ice-sheets," Miss Semple confines herself to comparatively modern conditions, — *i. e.*, to those since the discovery of America. Moreover, although she treats such subjects as the Early Settlements, the Louisiana Purchase, and the Civil War, in detail, yet she places her emphasis on the present and future. This is especially true of her chapters on the geographical distribution of cities and industries, and of railroads. And aside from the different points of departure, the further treatments of the subject differ, — that of Miss Semple being the more detailed, that of Mr. Brigham the more general. Miss Semple states in the beginning her conclusion: "The most important geographical fact in the past history of the United States has been their location on the Atlantic opposite Europe; and the most important geographical fact in lending a distinctive character to their future history will probably be their location on the Pacific opposite Asia." Mr. Brigham similarly gives as "the one fact of overshadowing importance in the history of America, that a wide ocean separated an advanced civilization and a relatively dense population from a wide, rich, and almost unoccupied continent." Both books are of unusual interest, not only to the historian and geographer, but also to the general reader.

The problems of domestic service.

In Miss Lilian Pettengill's book entitled "Toilers of the Home" (Dodd, Mead & Co.), another attempt is made to throw light upon the question of domestic service. Believing that the opinions of the average mistress are not only vague but unfair, the author spent nearly a year in household service, that she might view the problem from all sides. It would perhaps be impertinent to suggest that experience as mistress might also be necessary to absolute fairness. But the author is evidently sincere in her intention, and the book might furnish a wealth of material for discussion in a woman's club. She records, in five somewhat long chapters, her experience in as many families. The book is full of details and personal gossip, and certainly presents all sorts and conditions of women, from the delightful "spinster three" to the would-be great lady and the all-too-rare good housekeeper. The conclusions, summed up in a final chapter, add nothing to facts already worn with much discussion; their greatest interest is in their naïveté. The long and indefinite hours of service, the lack of home and social life, and the supposed disgrace of being a domestic servant, are mentioned as the difficult factors in any satisfactory settlement of the problem. By way of solution, Miss Pettengill suggests that servants should never live in the houses of their employers, but

in homes of their own, or in little colonies by themselves. In this way she thinks the work would become more definite, the grade of service demanded and rendered improved, and the loneliness of the position remedied. In all this, it is a question whether the remedy is not worse than the disease; but we must heartily agree with the statement that "the housekeeper's problem is largely one of self-government." The sub-title of the book, "A College Woman's Experience as a Domestic Servant," leads one to wonder what college training resulted in the production of an English style so careless, would-be-sarcastic, and often obscure, as that constantly used by the author.

The self-told story of a noble life.

Shortly before his death, the late Professor Joseph LeConte completed for his children and grandchildren a sketch of his eventful life. This autobiography has been prepared for publication (Appleton) by Professor W. D. Armes, his pupil and colleague. LeConte was born of Huguenot and Puritan parentage, in the New England community in Liberty County, Georgia, in a family noted for its intellectual brilliancy and scientific predilections. It is not strange, therefore, that he should have chosen medicine as a career; nor that he should have found its practice, as conducted in those days, very irksome. The early chapters of the autobiography, dealing with these years, give a charming picture of social life in *ante-bellum* days on Southern plantations. In 1850 LeConte went to Cambridge and became one of Agassiz's first pupils, graduating in the first class from the Lawrence Scientific School. He at once began his busy career as educator, investigator, scientist, and philosopher, at first in his native South and after the war on the Pacific Coast. His account of an extended tour through the Northwest and about the Great Lakes, in 1844, and his portrayal of conditions in the South during and after the war, are of historical value as faithful pictures of the times, and these, as well as the whole book, are written in charming style, simple and direct, so that the interest of the reader never flags. The greatest value of the book lies, however, in its partial self-revelation of the man whose intellectual virility and gentle unfailing courtesy made "Professor Joe" the idol of many generations of students, and still keep his memory green from the Sierras to the sea.

The flight of Charles II.

The Puritan Revolution in England is a subject to which the world has given much serious thought; but thus far the marvellous career of the great Protector and the tragic death of Charles Stuart have received the greater share of this attention. Charles II., on the other hand, has not proved so attractive a subject either to the historian or to the novelist. Recently, however, that inglorious monarch has found an enthusiastic biographer in Mr. Allan Fea, who seems to have made the Restoration period his particular field of research. Not long ago he published an

account of Prince Charles's escape across the Channel after the battle of Worcester; this year he has given us a companion volume entitled "After Worcester Fight" (John Lane). In this new work he republishes the materials used in writing "The Flight of the King," consisting of five tracts produced either in printed or manuscript form during the reign of Charles II. Source materials are, as a rule, not very interesting reading, but in this case a work has been compiled which is singularly attractive. The book is beautifully printed and supplied with numerous illustrations of historic value. The editorial work has been done with considerable care; the editor has added some information from tradition and state-papers, most of which is, however, of the antiquarian order and has but slight value as history. Still, Mr. Fea's zeal is to be commended, and anyone who has read his earlier work will be sure to appreciate this companion volume.

Dangers of popularizing science.

The popularization of the results of research in the various fields of the physical and natural sciences is more and more demanded by the ever increasing class of readers whose previous information and training have opened to them the gates of science, but who still lack the technical information or the recourse to original sources which alone can give immediate access to her latest revelations. Our popular magazines have attempted to meet this demand, in some cases by contributions from specialists, in others, unfortunately, from less trustworthy sources. Not only readability, but reliability, is a prime requisite, if such papers are to command respect in scientific circles. Mr. Carl Snyder's "New Conceptions in Science" (Harper) meets the first prerequisite, for here the latest news from the firing-line of research is given with the dash and abandon of the field correspondent, and with something also of his disregard for the petty details of fact. The author is not an authority in any field of science; yet he essays what no single expert would dare, a "clear and concise exposition of the newest conceptions in science in various fields." To an evident lack of information on the older and more fundamental conceptions and facts of science, the author adds his attitude of the special-pleader for a materialistic philosophy, and for fundamental changes in present social methods. The critical reader, though not informed in the technicalities of science, may readily detect fallacies in these parts of the book.

Everyday life in Austria-Hungary.

If for no other reason, the dual kingdom known as Austria-Hungary is of world-wide interest because of the strange assemblage of races occupying the dominions of Emperor Francis Joseph. The Germanic Austrians and the Hungarians or Magyars, taken together, form less than half of the total population. The majority of Austro-Hungarian peoples belong to races which are neither "Austrian" nor "Hungarian," properly so-called. Most of them

are of Slavonic origin,—Czechs, Croatians, Servians, Ruthenes, Poles, Slovaks, and Austrian Bulgarians. Others are of races nearly allied to the Latin group—Roumanians or Wallachians, and Italians. And of Jews, Greeks, Turks, and Gipsies, there are not a few. There are corresponding differences of language, religion, and habits of life, making it difficult to describe in a single volume the characteristics of such a complex nationality. Yet we find this dual kingdom and its people not only intelligently, but most entertainingly, treated by Mr. Francis H. E. Palmer, in "Austro-Hungarian Life in Town and Country," issued as a volume in "Our European Neighbours" series (Putnam). Possibly the author's successful treatment of his difficult subject is due to his having already furnished a volume upon Russian life in the same series. With Russian life he repeatedly compares what he finds in Austria-Hungary, and he gives us an insight into Austro-Hungarian affairs that it would be scarcely possible to obtain otherwise than through a long residence in the country.

BRIEFER MENTION.

Mark Twain's "Jumping Frog" in what may be called its tri-lingual form is made into a small volume of its own by Messrs. Harper & Brothers. The text comprises the original English of the tale, then the French version as published in the "Revue des Deux Mondes," and finally the author's painful reconstruction of his pet story, "clawed back into a civilized language once more by patient, unremunerated toil." This re-translation is one of the funniest things ever done by Mark Twain, and goes well with his commentary on the German language.

Messrs. Herbert S. Stone & Co. publish two companion volumes respectively entitled "A Book of American Prose Humor" and "A Book of American Humorous Verse." The editing is anonymous, but appears to be particularly well done in the case of the volume of verse. The other volume, representing only a baker's dozen of authors, did not offer the same opportunity for skilful selection and combination. Both are noteworthy for the representation of very recent humorous writing.

A recent addition to the "Historic Lives" series (Appletons) is a volume on Champlain, the founder of New France, by Mr. Edwin A. Dix. The various editions of Champlain's "Voyages" seem to have been followed closely in collecting the material for the sketch, and a number of Champlain's drawings from the same source are reproduced. It is a modest and straightforward narrative, devoid of either fulsome eulogy or a spirit of disputation.

Professor William MacDonald's "Select Statutes and Other Documents Illustrative of the History of the United States, 1861-1898," published by the Macmillan Co., supplements the author's volume of "Select Documents," covering the earlier period, in a highly satisfactory way. The number of papers given is one hundred and thirty-one, beginning with Lincoln's first call for volunteers, and ending with the Treaty of Paris. Teachers of American history will find this collection an invaluable adjunct to their work.

NOTES.

Anster's translation of the first part of "Faust" is added to the series of "Pocket Classics" imported by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Mark Twain is reported to be at work on a new novel, which will appear some time this year, with the imprint of Messrs. Harper & Brothers.

Messrs. A. S. Barnes & Co. will issue this month a one-volume life of Napoleon, prepared by Mr. R. M. Johnston, recently appointed Austin Teaching Fellow at Harvard University.

"Political Parties and Party Policies in Germany," by Professor James Howard Gore, is a pamphlet publication of the Messrs. Putnam, issued in their series called "Questions of the Day."

"Machiavelli and the Modern State," three lectures delivered at the Royal Institution, London, by Mr. Louis Dyer of Harvard University, will be published at an early date by Messrs. Ginn & Co.

The "Tannhäuser" metrical romance of Herr Julius Wolff, translated into English by Mr. Charles G. Kendall, makes a two-volume work now published in holiday guise by Mr. Richard G. Badger.

"Sunshine and Love," compiled by Miss Katharine G. Spear, is a book of devotional prose, giving selections for every day in the year. It is prettily bound in limp leather, and published by Messrs. Jennings & Pye.

Mr. William C. Sprague's "Napoleon Bonaparte," published by the A. Wessels Co., is a history written for boys, which presents the character of the imperial brigand in the popular, rather than the ethical light.

Mr. E. Phillips Oppenheim, whose novel entitled "A Prince of Sinners" attracted attention last year, has written a new romance, "Anna, the Adventuress," which Messrs. Little, Brown, & Co. will publish shortly.

"Outlines of Greek History," by Professor William C. Morey, is a school text-book just published by the American Book Co. The book is topical in method, illustrated, and furnished with references for outside reading.

Wycherley and Shadwell (the latter a new volume edited by Professor Saintsbury) have been added to the new thin-paper edition of the "Mermaid Series" of English dramatists, now being imported by the Messrs. Scribner.

Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons send us a third (authorized) edition of "The Gentle Art of Making Enemies," by the late James McNeill Whistler. The entertaining book will doubtless find amused readers for many years to come.

Herr Wilhelm Meyer-Förster's story of "Old Heidelberg," upon which Mr. Richard Mansfield's latest popular play is based, comes to us in an English translation by Mr. Max Chapelle, and is published by Messrs. Dodge & Metcalf.

We have received Volume VII. of the "Publications of the Mississippi Historical Society," edited by Mr. Franklin L. Riley. It is a substantial octavo of more than five hundred pages, largely filled with original historical material.

"Joseph and the Land of Egypt," by Professor A. H. Sayce, and "Joshua and the Palestinian Conquest," by Professor W. H. Bennett, are the latest volumes in the "Temple Series of Bible Handbooks" published by the J. B. Lippincott Co.

Don Pedro A. de Alarcón's "El Niño de la Bola," edited by Mr. Rudolph Schwill, is a Spanish text just published by the American Book Co. The work is abridged to something like half its natural dimensions.

Messrs. Longmans, Green, & Co. send us the seventh edition, revised, of "Longmans's School Geography," by Messrs. George G. Chisholm and C. H. Leete. The work is in ordinary book form, with no maps but other illustrations in abundance.

The first book of fiction to be brought out this year by the Lothrop Publishing Company will be "The Human Touch," a story of Western life. The author, Miss Edith K. Nicholl, is an English woman, a daughter of the late Dean of Westminster.

An analysis of Tennyson's "In Memoriam," prepared by Mr. Charles Mansford, was printed privately for the use of the author's students some fifteen years ago. It is now given to the larger public by Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Co., who issue the work in a neat volume.

The Delegates of the Clarendon Press are making arrangements for a thorough revision of Liddell and Scott's standard "Greek-English Lexicon," under the supervision of Mr. Arthur Sidgwick. They solicit contributions from scholars in the way of corrections or additions.

Under the general title of "Unknown Heroes of the Navy," Mr. Edgar Stanton Maclay is preparing for the Baker & Taylor Co. a series that promises to possess considerable popular and historical interest. The first volume will be devoted to Moses Brown, a captain in our navy of the Revolution.

Mr. Stephen Gwynn, author of "John Maxwell's Marriage," has finished his work on "Landmarks of Literature," and the Macmillan Co. will publish it within a few weeks. Later in the spring the same firm hopes to bring out Mr. Gwynn's life of Thomas Moore in the "English Men of Letters" series.

A pamphlet imported by the Messrs. Scribner gives us "The Hundred Love Songs of Kamal Ad-Din of Ispahan," translated from the Persian by Mr. Louis H. Gray, and put into quatrains by Mrs. Ethel Watts Mumford. This is stated to be the first translation of the work into any occidental language.

"On the Eve" and "Fathers and Children" are two volumes just added to the new subscription edition of Tourgueniev, published by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons. The translation is by Miss Happgood, who also supplies an introduction to each novel. The frontispiece illustrations are very happily conceived.

Mr. Henry E. Krehbiel, the musical critic and lecturer, has furnished an introduction to Kufferath's "Parsifal of Richard Wagner," which Messrs. Henry Holt & Co. announce for immediate publication. Mr. Krehbiel considers this "the best single help to the study of 'Parsifal' with which I am acquainted."

"A List of Books on the Philippine Islands in the Library of Congress," prepared by Mr. A. P. C. Griffin, is a recent volume sent us from the Government Printing Office. It includes references to periodicals, and a chronological list of maps compiled by Mr. P. Lee Phillips. The whole work makes a volume of four hundred pages.

It is announced that the letters of John Ruskin to Charles Eliot Norton are to be published in two volumes next autumn by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., and that, in the meantime, selected portions of this correspondence will appear in the "Atlantic Monthly." As

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is well known, Professor Norton was Ruskin's most intimate friend in this country, and the letters are said to reveal a more genial and pleasant side of Ruskin's personality than has been shown in any of his correspondence previously published.

A text of "General Zoölogy," by Professor Charles Wright Dodge, is published by the American Book Co. The work is based upon Orton's "Comparative Zoölogy," one of the most successful of the older treatises upon the subject. The same publishers send us a volume of "Homeric Stories for Young Readers," retold in simple language by Professor Frederic Aldin Hall.

An "Elementary Guide to Literary Criticism," by Professor F. V. N. Painter, is a recent school publication of Messrs. Ginn & Co. The aim of the book "is to show the student what to look for in the study of any literary work." In other words, it is a practical rhetoric of an elementary sort, as well as an exposition of the elements of excellence in literary productions.

"The Select Tennyson," edited by Mr. J. Logie Robertson, is a volume for school use and for private study published by Messrs. Longmans, Green, & Co. It includes many of the shorter poems, besides large parts of "The Princess" and "In Memoriam." The selections are all made from the poet's earlier work upon which copyright no longer exists.

Volume IV. of the "American Art Annual," edited by Miss Florence N. Levy, is at hand. This useful publication has not been issued during the past two years, and so the present volume is really a review of the sales, exhibitions, publications, and reports of a period of three years. It also includes an index to the whole four volumes thus far published.

"Pendennis" follows "Vanity Fair" in the new subscription edition of Thackeray which the Messrs. Scribner are engaged in publishing, and fills, like its predecessor, three of the thirty-two handsome volumes of which this set is to be made up. They are highly satisfactory volumes to look at and to handle, and we are tempted for their sake alone to read our Thackeray all over again.

An interesting study of "The Philosophy of Ernest Renan," by Mr. Herman G. A. Brauer, is a doctoral thesis of the University of Wisconsin, and is published as a number in the "Philology and Literary Series" of that institution. To the "Engineering Series" of the University publications a brief paper on "The Progress of the Ceramic Industry," by Mr. Edward Orton, has just been added.

The following German texts are sent us by the American Book Co.: "German Composition," by Mr. B. Mack Dresden; "Bunte Geschichten für Unfänger," by Miss Emma M. Stoltze; a selection of Grimm's "Kinder- und Hausmärchen," edited by Professor B. J. Vos; and "Undine," edited by Professor J. Henry Seeger. From Messrs. Henry Holt & Co. we have E. Werner's "Heimatklang," edited by Miss Marian P. Whitney.

An undertaking of interest to lovers of fine book-making no less than to students of American history is announced by the University Press of Cambridge and Messrs. A. W. Elson & Co. of Boston, in conjunction. This is a series of "Monographs of the American Revolution," with a hitherto unpublished essay on Thomas Jefferson by the late Paul Leicester Ford as the first volume. The illustrations will form an important feature, consisting in the initial volume of two portraits

of Jefferson, one an original signed etching by Mr. W. H. W. Bicknell and the other a photogravure, and a vignette etching of Monticello. The volume will be printed upon Imperial Japan paper, in an edition limited to 500 copies.

The publication of Mrs. Irene Grosvenor Wheelock's handbook to the "Birds of California" which has been postponed several times on account of the elaborate nature of its make-up, is now definitely announced for the latter part of this month. Mrs. Wheelock's book will no doubt take its place as the standard reference book on Pacific Coast ornithology. It has been lavishly illustrated by Mr. Bruce Horsfall.

Four new volumes have come to us in the series of illustrated reprints published by Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. They are: "The Third Tour of Doctor Syntax in Search of a Wife," with Rowlandson's colored plates; "The National Sports of Great Britain," by Henry Alken, with colored plates; Pierce Egan's "Life in London," with colored illustrations by the Cruikshanks; and Lover's "Handy Andy," with the author's illustrations in black and white.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

[The following list, containing 77 titles, includes books received by THE DIAL since its last issue.]

HISTORY.

A History of Modern England. By Herbert Paul. Vols. I. and II., each 8vo, gilt top, uncut. Macmillan Co. Per vol., \$2.50 net.

The Cambridge Modern History. Planned by the late Lord Acton, LL.D.; edited by A. W. Ward, G. W. Prothero, and Stanley Leathes. Vol. II., The Reformation. Large 8vo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 857. Macmillan Co. \$4. net.

Rocky Mountain Exploration: A Brief History, with Special Reference to the Expedition of Lewis and Clark. By Reuben Gold Thwaites. Illus., 12mo, pp. 276. "Expansion of the Republic Series." D. Appleton & Co. \$1.25 net.

Medieval England: English Feudal Society from the Norman Conquest to the Middle of the Fourteenth Century. By Mary Bateson. Illus., 12mo, pp. 448. "Story of the Nations." G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.35 net.

The Real Birth-Date of Columbus, 1451: A Critical Study. With a Bibliography. By Henry Vignaud. 12mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 121. London: Henry Stevens, Son & Stiles.

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS.

Abraham Lincoln and his Presidency. By Joseph H. Barrett, LL.D. In 2 vols., illus., large 8vo, gilt tops, uncut. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke Co. \$5 net.

Samuel Chapman Armstrong: A Biographical Study. By Edith Armstrong Talbot. Illus., 12mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 301. Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.50 net.

Memorial of Mary Wilder White: A Century Ago in New England. By Elizabeth Amelia Dwight; edited by Mary Wilder Tileston. Illus. in photogravure, large 8vo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 409. Boston: Everett Press Co. \$2.50 net.

The Story of the Lopez Family: A Page from the History of the War in the Philippines. Edited by Canning Eyot. Illus., 12mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 217. Boston: James H. West Co. \$1.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

English Literature: An Illustrated Record. By Richard Garnett, C.B., and Edmund Gosse, M.A. Vols. II. and IV., completing the work. Illus. in color, photogravure, etc., 4to, gilt tops, uncut. Macmillan Co. Per vol., \$6. net. Essays and Addresses, 1900-1903. By the Right Hon. Lord Averbury, P.C. Large 8vo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 296. Macmillan Co. \$3. net.

Eighteenth Century Essays on Shakespeare. Edited by D. Nichol Smith, M.A. Large 8vo, uncut, pp. 338. Macmillan Co. \$3.

Points at Issue, and Some Other Points. By Henry A. Beers. 12mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 273. Macmillan Co. \$1.50 net.

NEW EDITIONS OF STANDARD LITERATURE.

Velina; or, The History of a Young Lady's Entrance into the World. By Fanny Burney; with Introduction by Austin Dobson; illus. by Hugh Thomson. 12mo, gilt edges, pp. 477. "Cranford Series." Macmillan Co. \$2. Peneus. By William Makepeace Thackeray. "Kensington" edition; in 3 vols., illus. in photogravure, etc., 8vo, gilt tops, uncut. Charles Scribner's Sons. (Sold only by subscription.)

The Poems of Philip Freneau, Poet of the American Revolution. Edited for the Princeton Historical Association by Fred Lewis Pattee. Vol. II., large 8vo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 407. Princeton University Library. \$3. net.

The Defence of Guenevere, and Other Poems. By William Morris. 16mo, gilt top, pp. 248. Longmans, Green, & Co.

The Third Tour of Doctor Syntax in Search of a Wife. Illus. in color by Thomas Rowlandson. 16mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 265. D. Appleton & Co. \$1.50.

Handy Andy: A Tale of Irish Life. By Samuel Lover; illus. by the author. 16mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 444. D. Appleton & Co. \$1.50.

The National Sports of Great Britain. By Henry Alken. Illus. in color, 16mo, gilt top, uncut. D. Appleton & Co. \$1.50.

Life in London. By Pierce Egan; illus. in color, etc., by I. R. and G. Cruikshank. 16mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 297. D. Appleton & Co. \$1.50.

POETRY AND DRAMA.

The Dynasts: A Drama of the Napoleonic Wars, in Three Parts, Nineteen Acts, and One Hundred and Thirty Scenes. By Thomas Hardy. Part First; 12mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 234. Macmillan Co. \$1.50 net.

The Divine Vision, and Other Poems. By A. E. 12mo, gilt top, pp. 123. Macmillan Co. \$1.25 net.

FICTION.

My Friend Prospero. By Henry Harland. With frontispiece, 12mo, pp. 317. McClure, Phillips & Co. \$1.50.

The American Prisoner: A Romance of the West Country. By Edes Phillpotts. Illus., 12mo, uncut, pp. 501. Macmillan Co. \$1.50.

Lux Crucis: A Tale of the Great Apostle. By Samuel M. Gardenhire. 12mo, pp. 392. Harper & Brothers. \$1.50.

Sylvia's Husband. By Mrs. Burton Harrison. 12mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 221. D. Appleton & Co. \$1.25.

A Little Garrison: A Realistic Novel of German Army Life of To-day. By Fritz von der Kyrburg (Lieutenant Bille); trans. and edited by Wolf von Schierbrand. 12mo, pp. 308. F. A. Stokes Co. \$1.50.

Said the Fisherman. By Marmaduke Pickthall. 12mo, uncut, pp. 302. McClure, Phillips & Co. \$1.50.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION.

From Paris to New York by Land. By Harry De Windt, F.R.G.S. Illus., 8vo, pp. 311. Frederick Warne & Co. \$3 net.

The Great Northwest and the Great Lake Region of North America. By Paul Fountain. Large 8vo, uncut, pp. 335. Longmans, Green, & Co. \$4.

The Adventurer in Spain. By S. R. Crockett. Illus., 12mo, pp. 338. F. A. Stokes Co. \$1.50.

Turkish Life in Town and Country. By Lucy M. J. Garnett. Illus., 12mo, uncut, pp. 336. "Our European Neighbours." G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.20 net.

RELIGION AND THEOLOGY.

Religions of Authority, and the Religion of the Spirit. By Auguste Sabatier; trans. by Louise Seymour Houghton. Large 8vo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 410. McClure, Phillips & Co. \$3.50 net.

The New Testament in the Christian Church: Eight Lectures. By Edward Caldwell Moore. 12mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 367. Macmillan Co. \$1.50 net.

Liberal Christianity: Its Origin, Nature, and Mission. By Jean Réville; trans. and edited by Victor Leuliéte. 12mo, pp. 205. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.25.

The Story of Our Lord's Life. By Maud Montgomery. Illus. in color, 12mo, pp. 163. Longmans, Green, & Co. 90 cts. net.

Natural Salvation: The Message of Science outlining the First Principles of Immortal Life on the Earth. By C. A. Stephens, M.D. 12mo, pp. 121. Norway Lake, Maine: The Laboratory.

The Congregational Way: A Handbook of Congregational Principles and Practices. By George M. Boynton. 12mo, gilt top, pp. 221. Pilgrim Press. 75 cts.

From Agnosticism to Theism. By Charles F. Dole. 12mo, pp. 29. Boston: James H. West Co. 30 cts.

SCIENCE AND TECHNOLOGY.

Fatigue. By A. Mossé; trans. by Margaret Drummond, M.A., and W. B. Drummond, M.B. 12mo, pp. 334. "Science Series." G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.50.

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